

# The Mirror

OF

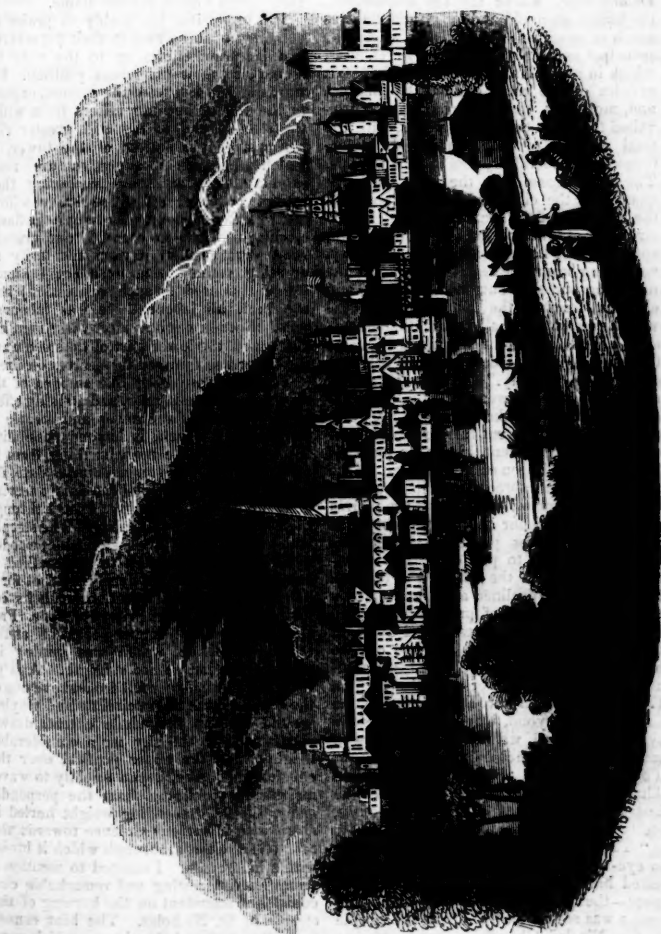
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HAMBURG, FROM THE BINNEN ALSTER.

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## Original Communications.

THE CONFLAGRATION AT  
HAMBURGH.

ABOUT one o'clock on Thursday morning, the 5th inst., the inhabitants were roused by the watchmen giving the alarm of fire, and the bells of the churches sounding the tocsin. A number of engines were very soon on the spot, but from want of water, the tide having receded at the time, they were unable to stop the flames. In the Deichstrasse, where the fire commenced, the houses were old and lofty, and built as much of wood as of brick, and where the principal merchants had their warehouses, which in many instances were stocked with articles of the most combustible matter; and, moreover, the east wind having prevailed for more than three weeks, with the total absence of rain, produced, unfortunately, a general dryness of all materials. The Deichstrasse is in the most southerly quarter of the city, and much exposed to the influence of the south wind, which blew strongly at the period the fire began, spreading the flames with terrible velocity. "Nothing was to be seen," says one of the many accounts, "but men, women, and children leaving the houses, and endeavouring to save a small part of their furniture, by placing it in the celebrated Nicholas Church, one of the oldest and most splendid churches in the city." The fire increased rapidly, and houses were pulled down in the Hoffen-market to make room for the engines to play, and to prevent further progress of the destroying element, but to no purpose. The Senate had been called together, by the terrific accounts brought to its members from every quarter, to take such measures as were required for the public safety. It is said that it was proposed to them by many individuals to pull down the neighbouring houses in the direction of the fire, but that this was declined as an unnecessary and useless sacrifice of property. Instead of a wide sweep of houses pulled down in the direction of the fire, but one or two buildings immediately adjoining those actually in flames were ordered for destruction. Ere these were well unroofed, the fire gained on them and beyond, while again the same system continued, with as copious a use of water as the wretched engines would allow. This went on till about three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, giving as a result the destruction of nearly a hundred houses, pretty nearly in one consecutive line.

"The rapid progress of the flames," says an eye-witness, "was for a time partly arrested here by the interposition of a wider space—the Hoffen-market, when on a sudden smoke was seen to proceed from the steeple of the Nicolai Church, upwards of two

hundred feet high. A spark had flown upwards, and must have been for some time smouldering in the capital above one of the columns, about half-way up the steeple. Before many minutes a number of firemen were hard at work in attempting to cut out the burning part, and to cool the heated timbers with water. They several times succeeded in extinguishing the flame, but the heat from the burning houses below and around was reflected so intensely against the roof within the columned basis of the beautiful spire, that all their efforts proved vain—smoke *again* became flame.

It is impossible too highly to praise the gallantry of these men in their persevering and incessant efforts up to the very last second, in their dangerous position. Upwards of 150 feet from the ground, exposed to the fall of burning rafters from within the steeple, and to the still greater risk, perhaps, of the bottom of the tower, on which the whole superstructure rests, catching fire, and thus rendering their retreat hopeless, did these brave fellows continue their labour. At length the flame, circling upwards in beautiful and graceful bend, evidenced, from its momentarily increasing volume, that even could human frame (endured to such oppression) bear the heat, all labour there was labour in vain. Not ten minutes after these men had descended, the lower part of the steeple and the tower itself proved themselves on fire.

To convey anything like an idea of the magnificent, the singular, and striking effect of the burning of the tower and steeple of the Nicolai Church, is beyond possibility. The effect was the more striking from its admirable build, of some centuries date, defying the whole power of the flames tearing it within to find any outlet, except through the columned interstice above. The steeple, which appeared to have been made of wooden materials, was soon seen to be sheathed in copper, which became nearly red hot for a height of about sixty feet, beneath its columned portion, which proved of stone. Presently the red hot copper peeled off as the volume of flame, which was gutting its wooden interior, gained strength. A large red-hot ball of copper fell from above one of the columns, the fire encircling and playing around and up the whole extent, drawn clearly against the sky for a considerable height; then the upper portion, over the encolumned space, began slightly to wave, majestically inclining from the perpendicular, till its descending weight hurled it down with impetuous violence towards the roof of the church, through which it broke with a loud crash. I omitted to mention a somewhat interesting and remarkable circumstance attendant on the burning of the steeple of St. Nicholas. The heat caused the bell to toll, and the chimes, which were

peculiarly melodious, to play till they were finally destroyed.

Adjoining the church of St. Nicholas were several old buildings, and another part of the town, yet free from danger, which now became menaced, and soon actually commenced burning with a dreadful and astonishing rapidity. The buildings were, if possible, of more inflammable materials than the others, and there was a freer current of air. The loss of property along this line, which blazed consecutively for nearly a quarter of a mile, is incalculable. The whole of the buildings, consisting of large warehouses, were all loaded with merchandise. These lay on each side of the Catharinen Canal. Let it be borne in mind that the warehousing or bond system does not exist in this free city; that on the arrival of an expected cargo, the ship, or a barge laden with its contents, immediately proceeds opposite the merchant's warehouse, where the goods are discharged. The warehouse of one merchant alone had British manufactures to the value of 120,000*l*.

As a result of the decisions taken on Thursday evening, the Rath House (or Council House) and the old Exchange, a curious old wooden building, with fine carved oaken pillars, and the arms of the German empire cut over its entrance, were blown up, in order, if possible, to save the Bank, which was, however, attacked and reduced to a shell; the whole of its valuables are, however, safe in the cellars of the building. In expectation of the fire several houses were in the course of destruction to prevent its extension by contact towards the new Exchange, &c.; this was well designed as the wind stood when the decision was taken, but the wind had changed, and was bearing directly on the Exchange, towards the Kleiner Alster and the Jungfernstieg; but of this no note was taken, the work still continued in a quarter where it was comparatively useless. This has been the fault throughout, that loss in the immediate neighbourhood, the extent to which the flames were spreading, and the new direction which they from time to time took, under a wind which was constantly varying, was not watched and acted upon. Thus it was also, that up to the blowing up of the New Stadter, which saved the Fuhlen Tweite, and nearly a half of the town behind it, and Streit's Hotel, also a key to another rich, important, extensive quarter, nothing sufficient had been attempted.

On Friday morning, about nine, the New Exchange, the Post-office, and Stadt-house, were surrounded by smoke and fire, which proceeding towards the Jungfernstieg, reduced it by seven o'clock in the evening to ashes. On the morning the fire had crossed the Kleiner Alster; it was a striking and painful scene. This large and wide canal

was covered with flat-bottomed boats, bridges, &c., filled with furniture and goods from the neighbouring houses; these were before long each in flames before their owner's eyes, many of whom had to escape from these on banks, the two sides of which consisted of houses in flames; there could have been but the alternative of a watery grave, but for a small landing-place offered by the Jungfernstieg by the advice of the Binnen Alster.

On Saturday morning burnt St. Peter's Church, in which was a fine painting representing the last great calamity in Hamburg, which had its resemblance in the present catastrophe. It represented the inhabitants, who, not being sufficiently provided with provisions to stand a siege, had been driven out of the town by Marshal Davoust, twenty-eight years ago, to the surrounding fields, where many perished of cold and hunger, against which, however, in this case, the authorities have carefully provided.

In the night of Saturday and Sunday, after having swept over a large portion of the new part of Hamburg, and consumed the church of St. Gertrude, on to the Rosenstrasse, it reached one of the oldest and certainly most thickly populated parts of the town, and there, amid houses half built of wood, with great difficulty to obtain any supply of water, which, indeed, had to be handed painful after painful to fill the reservoirs of the engines, by people placed for considerable distances in files up to the wells and pumps for that purpose—there, the least likely quarter of the town, the fire had been subdued towards mid-day of Sunday.

The senate gave their consent to the unroofing, pulling down, and blowing up such houses as were necessary. There could not be a greater tribute than that paid by the syndic and senate to those gentlemen, Messrs. Thompson, Giles, and Lindley, than the declaration, that to them and the other English gentlemen in Hamburg they were mainly indebted for the salvation of the town. For, notwithstanding the half measures occasionally taken, and such criticisms as some of the proceedings warrant, whatever was done was so by them, and it is certainly highly gratifying that three Englishmen should have been chosen for the duty, and have received the greatest acknowledgments of their employers. These gentlemen continued indefatigable during the three days and nights of these melancholy events. It was at the peril of their lives, not that in the mere nature of the service, but from the rage of the people, that the English engineers and other Englishmen worked to save the town. Mr. Thompson had on one occasion a narrow escape of his life. He had been observed

by some people working at the engines and in procuring water, as also by others saving their property, to have had matches in his hands, men (English workmen) had brought him lighted candles and torches, with these he had been seen to go in and out of several houses near the fire, in a word, the Hamburgers concluded Mr. Thompson to be at the head of a band of incendiaries; they rushed upon him and his friends, with their axes raised, and other implements. But for the fortunate presence and immediate interposition of some of the burgher guard, he must have perished. Mr. Thompson was, at the time, occupied in blowing up houses, and prior to doing so, had gone into each to ascertain that its dwellers had left. Somewhat similar attacks were made at other times, and in other quarters of the town, upon Messrs. Giles and Lindley, equally at times objects of distrust. Probably it was the above circumstances which first set abroad the idea of incendiarism, &c.

The following notification refers to the treatment of the English engineers:—

“The police authorities have learnt with much regret that Mr Lindley, first engineer, and Mr. Giles, engineer of the railroad, and Mr. Thompson, engineer of the Machine Fabric on the Grasbrook, have been insulted in the performance of the services which they undertook, with others of our fellow-citizens, at the request of the authorities, for the salvation of the town; they therefore feel it their duty to express publicly their thanks to these honourable men for the signal and efficient services rendered by them. THE POLICE AUTHORITIES.

“Hamburg, May 8th, 1842.”

The harbour and shipping are perfectly safe, and it is said that the Hamburg Bank went on paying on Saturday as usual. The amount of bullion (silver) in the bank is about two millions sterling, which is in perfect safety, the cellars where it is deposited being under water. The books and records are removed, and are likewise in safe custody. It is likewise reported that a great quantity of goods have been saved in lighters.

The whole extent of property destroyed is estimated at 7,000,000*l*. It was at one time rumoured that the insurance companies would not be able to meet the demands which such an extraordinary sacrifice of property had entailed on them, but these apprehensions are beginning in some measure to subside. All householders are concerned in a mutual system of insurance, and should the regular sources for the payment of the insurance money fail, it is suggested that the Government would step in to support the companies in such an extraordinary case as the present. Some London insurance

companies are responsible for movable property destroyed to the amount of one million sterling.

The *Nachrichten* contains the following advertisement:—“Colonel Hodges requests the attendance of the British residents of Hamburg, at a public meeting to be held at her Britannic Majesty’s Consulate in the Fuhrentwiete, on Thursday, May 12, at two o’clock P.M., to take into consideration the steps necessary to be pursued, in order to make an appeal to the British nation in favour of the distressed poor of Hamburg, who, by the existing calamitous and destructive fire, have become totally destitute.—Her British Majesty’s Consulate, May 9, 1842.”

The generosity of the British public has anticipated the contemplated appeal, and upwards of 20,000*l*. have been sent from London alone; and meetings in Liverpool, Hull, and other towns throughout England, are to be held for the purpose of agreeing upon a subscription.

A letter, dated the 13th of May, says:—The amount in money already received, and the quantity of provision and clothing pouring in from every quarter, is actually more than is requisite for the necessities of the poor, who now find work in abundance, and, in the course of a few days, will be in a better condition than they have generally ever known. Those who suffer most are the shopkeepers and second-class merchants, who, for their credit sake, are afraid to ask assistance. Letters of condolence, couched in the most friendly terms, have been addressed to the senate, by most of the sovereigns and sovereign princes of the neighbouring states. Large donations have been made by most of them, as well as by the sister towns of Bremen and Lubeck. It is even asserted and believed, that the Senate of Bremen have testified to their brethren of Hamburg their readiness to guarantee, to the extent of 2,000,000 dollars, any loan which may be requisite for raising immediate funds wherewith to reconstruct the fallen portion of the city.

## DISEASES OF THE EAR.

No. V.

THE same gentleman occasionally varied the application of the caustic, by applying it to the throat and tonsils; and no one could feel dissatisfied with him for want of perseverance, for as long as patients found fees, his patience was untiring. A third discovered in some elementary work a recommendation of blisters behind the ears as a remedy for deafness, and some acoustic drops (an old prescription of Galen’s) composed of ox gall and tincture of castor, or, to vary it a little, ox gall and balsam of

Peru. This gentleman has obtained an unenviable notoriety for his indiscriminate prescription of these remedies, as also for others of more *questionable* utility.

Deleau of Paris, and Kramer of Berlin, profess to believe that all, or nearly all, cases of diminution of the sense of hearing are attributable to obstruction of the passage called the Eustachian tube, which leads from the upper part of the throat to the interior part of the ear; and say deafness is to be cured by passing a catheter through the nose into that tube, and allowing a large vessel full of condensed air to pass suddenly into the fine machinery of the internal ear. Copyists of this French and German method have been very active in this country; two unfortunate cases caused two inquests in a very short space of time; and many other instances might be adduced, which ought with justice to have been submitted to the same tribunal, independent of much individual suffering from the sudden expansion of a large volume of air among these delicate parts of the human frame. This method, being attended with so little, if any, beneficial result, has now given place to another—the old exploded operation of scarifying the tonsils (the glands on each side the throat inside), and cutting a piece off the uvula (the little tongue, or hanging palate, between the tonsils). I forbear to make any remarks on the absurdity of such methods of curing deafness; it must be evident to your readers; it, however, proves how deficient these copyists of foreign experimentalists must be in real knowledge of aural surgery, or how extensive they must think the credulity of the public to be, if such plans of treatment, so at variance with science, and even common sense, can find believers.

Catarrhal disease, scarlet fever, with its attendant, ulcerated throat, and various other maladies affecting that portion of the human frame, occasion in some instances adhesive inflammation of the orifices of the Eustachian tubes, without producing the more serious evils which I shall hereafter notice. If these tubes be thus closed, there is no ingress and regress of air to the internal cavity, and consequently the membrana tympani (or drum) cannot vibrate, and a very defective state of the sense of hearing follows. It having long been a well-known fact, that persons had an acute sense of hearing although there was a hole in the above membrane, the late Sir Astley Cooper was the first practitioner on record who perforated the drum of the ear; and on the 30th of November, 1801, the Copleian medal was awarded to him by the Royal Society, in consequence of a paper which he presented on the subject. This operation had at times been proposed during a period of three hundred years, but it was considered

so dangerous that when Mr. G. Cheselden, a celebrated surgeon, proposed to make the experiment on a criminal, as a commutation of his punishment of hanging, the commiseration of the English nation prevented the operation from being performed, and the man underwent his punishment. Sir Astley Cooper demonstrated that it was a mere trifling affair. In 1839, I had the authority of that eminent gentleman in writing, to insert in a work I was then publishing, which he approved,—being an exposition of the fallacies of Deleau, Kramer, and their imitators,—for saying, that although he had found the plan very successful in several cases of young people, yet he was often disappointed through the perforated orifice having closed by the efforts of nature. The rationale of this operation is, that there is a membrane which closes the round aperture within which the soft portion of the auditory nerve is deposited, and also the base of the small bone called the stapes, from its likeness to a stirrup, which plays up and down in the oval aperture, like a piston, compressing or dilating the fluid in the vestibule, semicircular canals, and cochlea; and so an impression is made on the soft and extremely sensible nerve, whose fine filaments float in the above liquid in the whole of these above three portions of the internal ear, called by the common name of the labyrinth; and the impression so produced is transmitted to the brain, from whence the hard and soft portion of the auditory nerves derive their origin. When the ear is in a state of health, and performs its functions properly, the membrana tympani vibrates, through the air being set in motion by sound of any kind, and the small bones attached to the interior side of that fine membrane, among which is the stapes (the motion of which has been described), the vibration of the drum of the ear is reflected and operates upon the membrane of the round aperture, and thus the perfection of the sense is provided for naturally; but when the external membrane does not vibrate, through the Eustachian tube being closed, these effects do not take place, and deafness ensues. If in this state the external membrane be perforated, sound is let in directly upon the base of the stapes and the membrane of the round aperture, which are in the cavity beneath, nearly opposite to the drum of the ear, and the sense of hearing becomes acute—indeed, in some instances painfully so, because the sound is let in *direct, unmodulated*; but the difficulty has always been to keep the perforated orifice open; I shall, however, revert to this part of the subject.

W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

*Le Feuilleton of French Literature.*

## "THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

## LETTER XX.—(concluded.)

I SET out as the sun was declining, and soon left the gothic chapel of St. Clement behind me. My road lay along the base of several mountains, on the summits of which were situated three castles—one Reichenstein, another Rheinstein, both of which were demolished by Rodolph, of Habsburgh, and rebuilt by the Count Palatine; the third Vaugtsberg, inhabited in 1348 by Kuno, of Falkenstein, and repaired by Prince Frederick, of Prussia. My thoughts turned upon a ruin which I knew lay between the place where I was and Bingen—a strange unsightly ruin, which, near the conflux of the Nahue and the Rhine, stands erect in the middle of the river.

In my childhood, there was a picture that some German servant had hung above my bed; it represented an old, isolated, dilapidated tower, surrounded with water; the heavens above it were dark, and covered with heavy clouds. In the evenings, after having offered up my prayers to God, and before reposing, I looked attentively at the picture. In the dead of night I saw it in my dreams, and then it was terrible. The tower became an enormous size, the lightning flashed from the clouds, the waters roared, the wind whistled among the mountains, and seemed every moment as if about to pluck them from their base. One day, I asked the servant the name of the tower, and she replied, making the sign of the cross on her forehead—"Mause-thurm." Afterwards, she told me the following story:—

At one time, at Mayence, there lived a cruel archbishop, named Hatto—a miserly priest—who, she said, was "readier to open his hand to bless than to bestow in charity." That one had harvest he purchased all the corn, in order to sell it again at a high price, for riches was the sole desire of this wicked priest. That at length, famine became so great that the peasants in the villages of the Rhine were dying of hunger—that the people assembled round the town of Mayence, weeping, and demanding bread—and that the archbishop refused to give them any. The starved people did not disperse, but surrounded the palace, uttering frightful groans. Hatto, annoyed by the cries of starvation, caused his archers to seize the men and women, the old and young, and to shut them up in a granary, to which he set

fire. "It was," added the old woman, "a spectacle that might have caused the stones to weep." Hatto did nothing but laugh; and as the wretched sufferers screamed in agony, and were expiring in the flames, he exclaimed—

"Do you hear the squeaking of the rats!"

The next day, the fatal granary was in ashes, and there was no longer any inhabitants in Mayence. The town seemed dead and deserted; when suddenly a swarm of rats sprang—like the worms in the ulcers of Assuerus—from the ashes of the granary, coming from under the ground, appearing in every crevice, swarming the streets, the citadel, the palace, the caves, the chambers, and the alcoves. It was a scourge, an affliction, a hideous *fourmillement*. Hatto, in despair, quitted Mayence, and fled to the plains, but the rats followed him; he shut himself up in Bingen, which was surrounded with walls, but the rats gained access by creeping under them. Then the despairing bishop caused a tower to be erected in the middle of the Rhine, and took refuge in it; the rats swam over, climbed up the tower, gnawed the doors and windows, the walls and ceilings, and, at last, reaching the palace, where the miserable archbishop was hid, devoured him. At present, the malediction of Heaven and of man is upon this tower, which is called Mausethurm. It is deserted, it is crumbling into ruins in the middle of the stream; and sometimes at night a strange red vapour is seen issuing from it, resembling the smoke of a furnace—it is the soul of Hatto, which hovers round the place. There is one thing remarkable. History, occasionally, is immoral; but stories are always moral, and tend to virtue. In history, the powerful prosper, tyrants reign, the wicked conduct themselves with propriety, and monsters do well; a Sylla is transformed into an honourable man, a Louis the eleventh and a Cromwell die in their beds. In tales, hell is always visible. There is not a fault that has not its punishments—not a crime which leads not to inquietude; no wicked persons but those who become wretched. Man, who is the inventor of story, feels that he has no right to make statements and leave to vague supposition their consequences—for he is groping in darkness, is sure of nothing; he requires instruction and counsel, and dares not relate events without drawing immediate conclusions. God, who is the originator of history, shews what he wishes, and knows the rest.

Mause-thurm is a convenient word, for we may find in it whatever we desire. There are individuals who believe themselves capable of judging of everything, and who are only wise in their own estimation; and whose poetry from everything, and who say, as the



man did to the nightingale—"Stupid beast; wout you cease making that noise." These people affirm that the word Mausethurm is derived from *maus*, or *mauth*, which signifies "custom-house;" that in the tenth century, before the bed of the river was enlarged, the Rhine had only one passage, and that the authorities of Bingen levied, by means of this tower, a duty upon all vessels that passed. For these grave thinkers—these wisacres, the cursed tower was a *douane*, and Hatto was a custom-house officer.

According to the old women with whom I freely associated, Mausethurm is derived from *mause*, or *mus*, which signifies a rat. The pretended custom-house is the Rat Tower, and its toll-keeper a spectre.

After all, these two opinions may be reconciled. It is not altogether improbable that, towards the sixteenth or seventeenth century, after Luther, after Erasmus, several burgomasters of nerve made use of the tower of Hatto for a custom-house. Why not? Rome made a custom-house of the temple of Antoninus, the *dogana*. What Rome did to history, Bingen might well do to legend.

In that case *Mauth* might be right, and *Mause* not be wrong.

Let that be as it may; there is one thing, that since the old servant told me the story of Hatto, Mausethurm has always been one of the familiar visions of my mind. You are aware that there are no men without their phantoms, even as there are none without their whims.

Night is the time of dreams: at one time a ray of light appears, then a flame of fire; and, according to the reflection, the same dream may be a celestial glory, or an apparition of hell.

I must admit that the Rat Tower, in the middle of its agitated waters, never appeared to me but with a horrible aspect. Also—shall I avow it?—when chance, by whose fantasy I was led, brought me to the banks of the Rhine, the first thought that struck me was, not that I should see the dome of Mayence, or the cathedral of Cologne, or the Poalz, but that I should see the Rat Tower.

Judge then of my feelings, poor believing poet and infatuated antiquary that I am. The twilight slowly succeeded day; the hills became sombre; the trees dark; and a few stars twinkled in the heavens. I walked on, my eyes fixed on obscurity; I felt that I was approaching Mausethurm, and that in a few minutes that redoubtable ruin, which to me had, up to this day, been only a dream, was about to become a reality.

I came to a turning in the road, and suddenly stopped. At my feet was the Rhine, running rapidly, and murmuring among the bushes, to my right and

left, mountains, or rather huge dark heaps, whose summits were lost in a sky in which a star was scarcely to be seen; at the base, for the horizon, an immense curtain of darkness; in the middle of the flood, in the distance, stood a large black tower, of a strange form, from which a singular red light issued, resembling the vapour of a furnace, casting a glare upon the surrounding mountains, shewing a mournful looking ruin on the left bank, and reflecting itself fantastically in the waters. There was no human voice to be heard; no, not even the chirping of a bird. All was solitude—a fearful and sad silence, troubled only by the monotonous murmurings of the Rhine.

My eyes were fixed upon Mausethurm. I could not imagine it more frightful than it appeared. All was there—night, clouds, mountains, the quivering of the reeds, the noise of the flood full of secret horror, as if we heard the roaring of hydras under water; the sad and faint blasts of wind, the shadows, abandonment, isolation, all, even to the vapour of the furnace upon the tower—the soul of Hatto!

An idea crossed my mind, perhaps the most simple, but which at that moment used a giddiness in my head. I wished at that hour, without waiting till next day, or till daylight, to go to the ruin. The apparition was before my eyes, the night was dark, the phantom of the archbishop was upon the tower. It was the time to visit Mausethurm.

But how could I do it? where could I find a boat in such a place? To swim across the Rhine would be evincing a rather too great taste for spectres. Moreover, had I imagined myself a good swimmer, and been fool enough for such an act, the redoubtable gulf of Bingerloch, which formerly swallowed up boats as sea-dogs swallow herrings, and which is at this identical spot, would have effectually deterred me. I was somewhat embarrassed.

In continuing my way towards the ruin, I remembered that the tinkling of the silver bell and the spectres of the dungeon of Velmich did not prevent the peasants from propping the vine and exploring the ruins; I concluded that near a gulf, where fish necessarily abound, I should probably meet with the cabin of some fisherman. When vinedressers brave Falkenstein and his Mouse, fishermen might well dare Hatto and his rats.

I was not deceived. I continued, however, walking for some time before I met anything; but at length reached a point of the bank where the Nahue joins the Rhine. I began to give up all hopes of meeting a waterman, but on descending towards some osiers, I descried a boat of a strange construction, in which a man, enveloped in a

covering, was sleeping. I went into the boat, awoke the man; pointed to the tower, but he did not understand me: took one of those large Saxony crowns which are the value of six francs each, and shewed him it; he understood me immediately, and a few minutes afterwards, without exchanging a word, we, spectre-like, were gliding towards Mausethurm.

When I was in the middle of the flood, it seemed to me as if the tower diminished in size instead of increasing. It was the Rhine which made it appear less. As I had taken the boat at a place which was higher up than Mausethurm, we descended the river, advancing rapidly. My eyes were fixed upon the tower, from the summit of which the vague light was still issuing, and which, at each stroke of the oar, I saw distinctly increasing. Suddenly I felt the bark sinking under me, as if we were in a whirlpool, and the jerk caused my stick to roll at my feet. I looked at my companion, who returned my gaze with a sinister smile, which, seen by the supernatural light of Mausethurm, had something frightful in it, and he said, "Bingerloch." We were upon the gulf. The boat turned. The man rose, seized the anchor with one hand and a cord with the other, plunged the former into the surge, leaped on the gunnel, and began to walk on it. This manœuvre was accomplished with admirable dexterity, and marvellous sang-froid.

We landed. I raised my eyes. A short distance from where I stood, on a little island not observable from the land, was Mausethurm, an enormous formidable castle, dilapidated and in fragments, as if gnawed by the frightful rats of the legend.

The faint light that I had observed was a red flame which shed rays along the mountains, giving to every crevice the appearance of the mouths of enormous lanterns. It also seemed to me as if I heard in that fatal edifice a strange, continued noise—a sort of gnawing sound.

I looked at the waterman; told him to wait my return, and walked towards the ruin.

It was truly the tower of Hatto, the place of rats. Mausethurm was before my eyes, and which I was about to enter. In directing my steps towards a low door in the *façade*, through which the wind from the river was whistling, I was startled by some black living creature, which ran rapidly by my feet. It appeared to me to be a huge rat running towards the reeds. On reaching the door, I ventured to look into the room, from which the strange gnawing sound and the extraordinary glare of light still came. I will tell you what I saw:—

In an angle, opposite the door, were two men, with their backs turned to me. One was in a stooping posture, and the other

seated upon a kind of iron vice, which a person of discernment might have taken for an instrument of torture. Their feet and arms were naked, their clothes tattered, and each wore a leathern apron. One was old—his grey hair testified it; the other was young—I saw his fair locks, which, from the reflection of a large lighted furnace in the opposite angle, appeared red. The old man wore, like the Guelphs, his cowl inclined to the right; and the young one, like the Gibelins, had his upon the left side. But they were neither Gibelins nor Guelphs, demons nor spectres. Two blacksmiths were before me. The light—the soul of Hatto changed by hell into a living flame—was the fire and smoke of the chimney,—the gnawing sound—the noise of files.

The two blacksmiths were worthy individuals. They shewed me the ruins; pointed out the place in which Hatto had taken shelter; then lent me a lantern, with which I ranged through the whole of the little island.

After having examined the ruin, I left Mausethurm. My waterman was fast asleep, but was no sooner roused, than we proceeded forthwith to cross the Rhine, from whence I again heard the noise of the worthy blacksmiths.

Half an hour afterwards, I arrived at Bingen; was very hungry; supped; after which, although fatigued, although the inhabitants were asleep in their beds, I explored the Klopp, an old castle in ruins, which overlooks Bingen, where I witnessed a spectacle worthy of closing a day on which I saw so many things, with so many ideas crossing my mind.

(To be continued.)

### Miscellaneous.

#### MASKED BALLS IN RUSSIA.

It was Sunday; and, after attending morning service at the English church—the more impressive from long privation of its privileges,—I was driving twelve hours later—namely, at midnight, with Princess B. and Countess L., to a very different resort—namely, to the great theatre, where, after the dramatic performances, masquerades are held once or twice a-week before Lent. These are frequented by a mixed public, the *Salle de Noblesse* being reserved for the disguise of the individuals *de la plus haute volée*; these latter, therefore, on occasions like this, take a box on a level with the floor of the theatre, which extends on these nights over the whole of the parterre, and thus participate without actually mixing in the scene.

The coup d'œil on entering the box was very striking. A multitude of several



hundreds was gathered together in the theatre's vast oblong; the women alone masked, and almost without exception in black dress and domino; the men, and those chiefly military, with covered heads, and no token of the occasion, save in a black scarf, as sign of domino, upon their left arm—their white plumes and gay uniforms contrasting vividly with the black-faced and draped figures around them; all circulating stealthily to and fro; no music, no dancing, no object apparent but gesticulation, whisper, mystery and intrigue.

Here a knot of witch-like figures, as if intent on mischief, stood muttering in low tones together. There a slight mask tripped up to a stately grave general, tapped his shoulder, and passing her arm into his, bore him off with significant nods. In front of us a couple of these sibyls, with bright eyes gleaming through their gloomy masks, attacked a young officer in high, squeaking, counterfeit tones, laughing and jeering, while the good man looked bewildered from the one to the other, and seemed to say, "How happy could I be with either!" And farther, apart from the throng, sat on a low step a solitary mask, who shook her head solemnly at all who approached, as if awaiting some expected prey;—while, half timid, half coquette, a light figure whispered some words in a gentleman's ear, and then, retreating before his eager pursuit, plunged into the crowd, and was lost to his recognition among the hundreds of similar disguises.

The Heritier, the Grand Duke Michael, the Duke de Leuchtenberg, were all seen passing in turn—each led about by a whispering mask—"Mais où est donc l'Empereur?" "Il n'y est pas encore." "But where is the Emperor then?" "He is not yet here," was the answer; but scarce was this uttered when a towering plume moved, the crowd fell back, and enframed in a vacant space stood a figure to which there is no second in Russia, if in the world itself;—a figure of the grandest beauty, expression, dimension, and carriage, uniting all the majesties and graces of all the heathen gods,—the little god of love alone perhaps excepted,—on its ample and symmetrical proportions. Had this nobility of person belonged to a common *Mougik* instead of to the Autocrat of all the Russias, the admiration could not have been less, nor scarcely the feeling of moral awe. It was not the monarch who was so magnificent a man, but the man who was so truly imperial. He stood awhile silent and haughty, as if disdaining all the vanity and levity around him, when, perceiving my two distinguished companions, he strode grandly towards our box, and, just lifting his plumes with a lofty bow, stooped and kissed the princess's hand, who in return imprinted a kiss on the

imperial cheek; and then leaning against the pillar, remained in conversation.

The person of the emperor is that of a colossal man, in the full prime of life and health; forty-two years of age, about six feet two inches high, and well filled out, without any approach to corpulency—the head magnificently carried, a splendid breadth of shoulder and chest, great length and symmetry of limb, with finely formed hands and feet. His face is strictly Grecian—forehead and nose in one grand line; the eyes finely lined, large, open and blue, with a calmness, a coldness, a freezing dignity, which can equally quell an insurrection, daunt an assassin, or paralyse a petitioner; the mouth regular, teeth fine, chin prominent, with dark moustache and small whisker; but not a sympathy on his face! His mouth sometimes smiled, his eyes never. There was that in his look which no monarch's subject could meet. His eye seeks everyone's gaze, but none can confront his.

After a few minutes his curiosity, the unfailing attribute of a crowned head, dictated the words "*Kto eta?*"—"Who is that?"—and being satisfied—for he remarks every strange face that enters his capital—he continued alternately in Russian and French commenting upon the scene.

"*Personne ne m'intrigue ce soir,*" he said, "*je ne sais pas ce que j'ai fait pour perdre ma réputation, mais on ne veut pas de moi.*" "No one intrigues this evening," said he; "I know not what I have done to lose my reputation, but they will have nothing to do with me." As he stood, various masks approached, but, either from excess of embarrassment or from lack of wit, after rousing the lion, found nothing to say. At length a couple approached and stood irresolute, each motioning the other to speak. "*Donnez-moi la main,*" said a low trembling voice. He stretched out his noble hand: "*et voilà l'autre pour vous,*" extending the other to her companion; and on they passed, probably never to forget the mighty hand that had clasped theirs. Meanwhile the emperor carefully scanned the crowd, and owned himself in search of a mask who had attacked him on his first entrance. "*Quand je l'aurai trouvée, je vous l'amènerai.*"—"When I have found her I will bring her to you;" and so saying he left us.

I watched his figure, which, as if surrounded with an invisible barrier, bore a vacant space about it through the thickest of the press. In a short time a little mask stepped boldly up to him, and, reaching upwards to her utmost stretch, hung herself fearlessly upon that arm which wields the destinies of the seventh part of the known world. He threw a look to our box, as if to say, "I have found her;" and they went together. In five minutes they passed again, and his majesty made some

effort to draw her to our box, but the little black sylph resisted, pulling in a contrary direction at his lofty shoulder with all her strength; on which he called out, "*Elle ne veut pas que je m'approche de vous; elle dit que je suis trop mauvaise société.*"—"She does not wish me to approach you; she says that my society is not good enough." Upon the second round, however, he succeeded in bringing his rebellious subject nearer; when, recognising his manœuvre, she plucked her arm away, gave him a smart slap on the wrist, and saying "*Va t'en, je ne veux plus de toi.*"—"Go away, I will have nothing more to do with you," ran into the crowd. The emperor, they assured me, was in an unusual good temper this evening;—I think there can be no doubt of it.

The Heritier now also took his station at our pillar. He inherits his father's majestic person, and somewhat of the regularity of his face, but with the utter absence of the emperor's unsympathising grandeur. On the contrary, the son has a face of much sentiment and feeling; the lips full,—the eyelids pensive—more of kindness than of character in his expression.

To him succeeded the Grand Duke Michael, wiping the heat from his forehead. A fine bravo style of face, with somewhat ferocious moustaches,—a terrestrial likeness of the emperor,—earthly passions written on his high brow, but none of Jove's thunderbolts.

After this the emperor's arm no longer remained vacant, being occupied by a succession of masks, who by turns amused, flattered, or enlightened the imperial ear. In like manner were his highness the Prince Volkonski, Ministre de la Cour—Count Benkendorff, Chef de la Gendarmerie, de la Haute Police, et de la Police Secrète—Count Tchernitcheff, Ministre de la Guerre—and other high state and military officers, engaged; their attendance at masked balls being a part of their service.

This was my first introduction to such scenes; the second took place in the Salle de Noblesse, recently erected for public entertainments, and now considered the finest in Europe. The salle itself is surrounded by a colonnade twenty feet wide, of white marble pillars, in couples, supporting a gallery, ascended by a winding staircase at each corner. The vast arena for dancing is several feet lower than this colonnade, and entered thence by six different flights of noble steps. Of the exact dimensions I can give no measurement, save that seventy-five magnificent chandeliers were by no means crowded in position, or overpowering in light. Attached to this grand apartment are other rooms fitted up with every luxury, and forming a circular suite, opening at each end into the colonnade I have described.

Here a repetition of the same half-glittering, half-sable scene was presented, but multiplied in number, for no less than two thousand seven hundred individuals, in and out of masks, were gathered together in the centre space, or circulating round the colonnade, or seated in the gallery aloft, or scattered through the suite of smaller rooms.

How in this wilderness of space and perplexity of crowd, where, under ordinary circumstances, a couple once separated had little chance of meeting again the same evening—how in this dazzling, shifting, confusing turmoil, among hundreds and thousands shrouded to the same form and colour—each solitary mask contrived to rejoin the party with whom she entered, was perhaps more a matter of anxiety to my mind than it was to theirs. The only way for these scattered particles to reunite is to fix upon some trysting-place—beneath the orchestra, or at the fourth pillar on the right hand, or on the sofa nearest the left, where, when tired with a solitary prowl after some object of her search, or weary with parading on the arm of some unknown individual,—who either proves impenetrably dull to her harmless sallies, or jumps to conclusions never intended, or indulges in innuendoes rather too plain of his own,—the weary mask may take refuge with some chance of finding a sister figure, who, led there by the same errand, immediately responds to her cautious watchword.

The only security on these occasions for your own enjoyment, or at any rate comfort, and for the entertainment which the assumption of this incognito promises to others, is to recognise the full advantages of your disguise—to forget your identity, and remember only your privileges—to bear in mind that when you assumed the mask you threw off all social responsibilities—to observe no ceremony—respect no person—to be flippant, contradictory, pert, and personal, without fear of consequences—and, in short, to say little behind your mask that you would utter without it. As a pretty, witty, good-for-nothing little *intriguante* of the higher circles said to a timid novice on her first début in this disguise, "*Souvenez-vous en, ma chère, on n'a pas besoin d'un masque pour prêcher des sermons.*" ("Recollect, my dear, that one has no occasion for a mask to preach sermons.")

The general plan with the ladies of rank on these occasions is to acquire, by direct or indirect channels, some private information, some trivial anecdote of the every-day life or secret doings of the individual whom they intend, as the term is, "*intriguer*"—to surprise him with the knowledge of some present he has made, or some letter he has sent, and which he considered unknown to all but the receiver—or to repeat verbatim

some sentence which he supposes no one could have overheard; and by making the most of a little information, to make him suppose them possessed of much more, and finally to heighten his perplexity by mystifying every avenue to their own identity.

For instance: Count — is the secret adorer of Madame —, or fancies himself such. He gives her magnificent presents; and among the rest—the lady having pretty feet—he takes it into his head, with a lover's or a Russian's caprice, to surprise her with a foot-bath of the most delicate porcelain, which he orders at the celebrated *Magasin Anglais* in St. Petersburg. Well, at the next masked ball, a little brisk mask "*s'empare de son bras*," and, after the first conventional impertinences of the place, she hangs her little black head sentimentally on one side, heaves a sigh, and exclaims, "*Ah! que Madame — doit être heureuse! Que donnerais-je, moi, pour avoir un gentil petit bain de pied en porcelaine! J'ai aussi de jolis petits pieds, n'est-ce pas?*"—"Ah! how happy Madame — must be! What would I not give to have a little China foot-bath! I have also pretty little feet, have I not?"—and with that she holds up a fairy foot, dressed in black shoe and stocking, with a coquettish gesture. "*Diable!*" thinks the Count: if she knows all about this foot-bath, of course she is also in the secret about the diamond bracelet, and the embroidered mantilla, and the *Pensa* shawl, and the letters I have written—"qui sait?" and, if the lady understand her *métier*, she probably contrives, by pursuing some right hit, or mystifying some wrong one, to elicit exactly that which he most intended to conceal; when, having spent all her store, or finding him in turn touching upon dangerous ground, she turns off with "*Mille remerciemens pour tes informations. Tout le monde m'a dit que tu étais bête—à présent m'en voilà convaincue*:"—"A thousand thanks for your information. Everybody told me that you were a fool, now I am convinced of it;" and these last words, pronounced in a louder tone, raise a laugh in the crowd around, who in this light, empty place, where sauciness is considered the only cleverness, and personality the best wit, are thankful for the smallest crumbs of amusement that may be thrown to them.

On this account it is that any lady's maid, or milliner's apprentice, or *couturière*, who, admitted with her basket of new dresses into the private boudoir of the highest ladies in the land, sees more behind the scenes than her superiors—is noticed for her pretty looks by *le mari* or *l'amant*—hears familiarities of dialogue which her presence no ways restrains—and, if intent on this object, contrives to glean from the servants any further information she may want;—on this account it is that this class of per-

sons, who frequently speak two or three languages correctly, and are not encumbered with that delicacy and timidity which restrains the really modest or the real gentlewoman, are generally most successful in perplexing the wits and piquing the curiosity of the gentlemen. At the *Salle de Noblesse* none who are not noble find access; but in the latitudinarian nobility of Russia, and the transferability of a mask, this law is frequently evaded—and at the theatre these *grisettes* always play a conspicuous part.

The Emperor, when a mask has pleased his fancy, never rests till he has discovered her real name, and sets his secret police upon the scent with as much zest as after a political offender. The mask whom we had observed at the theatre on such familiar terms with him was recognised a few days after to be a little *modeste* from the most fashionable milliner's in Petersburg, whose frequent errands to the Empress had furnished her with a few graphic touches of the imperial character.

But to return to the ladies of the highest society, who make use of this disguise for mere purposes of rillery and good-natured mischief. This is the best aspect under which the levity of a masked ball can be considered; and to enact this with success or impunity requires an intimate knowledge of society, a perfect mastery of the current languages, and, not least, a tolerable practice in the humours of a masquerade. Even without the first qualification, however, a mask may have some chance of success, for *l'esprit d'intrigue* inherent more or less in every woman, and *l'esprit de vanité* inherent more or less in every man, contrive to give both means and subject for that saucy banter which is the groundwork of a mask's popularity.

But this, I repeat, is the best aspect of these Russian masked balls. I leave it to the astuteness of others to conclude the uses and abuses which must ensue from this temporary and utter freedom in a sex whose chief charm consists in seeking and needing protection. More especially in a country where society is placed under the utmost external restraint—where even the common courtesies of good breeding are viewed with suspicious eyes—where a young man can hardly converse with a young woman without laying her open to censure, and a woman is not free to indulge her love of admiration, or a man to approach her with the same, till such time as both the one and the other ought to cease—namely, till she is married. I do not exaggerate when I say that two-thirds of the masks in this liberty hall were married women, whose husbands knew not or cared not whether they were there.

At the same time, in a country where, unfortunately, neither promotion, nor justice,

nor redress, generally speaking, are to be had without interest, this means of directly reaching the imperial ear, or that of the chief officers of the state—of presenting a living anonymous letter—of dropping information which they are bound, if not to favour, at all events, not to take amiss—is immensely resorted to. The emperor has been known to remonstrate loudly at being annoyed with business or complaint in these few hours of relaxation; but this is rather to be attributed to the awkwardness or embarrassment of the poor petitioner, who, feeling the welfare of a father or brother, or of a whole family, hanging upon the force of her slender words,—addressing for the first time the awful individual whose word makes and unmake a law,—and ashamed perhaps of the disguise to which she has been compelled, can neither command the calmness nor adroitness necessary to smoothe the way for her blunter petition.

On the other hand, where the complainant, by a happy address or a well-timed flattery, has disposed the imperial palate for the reception of more sober truths, her case has been listened to with humanity, and met by redress. More than once the emperor was observed engaged with a mask in conversation which had evidently digressed from levity into a more serious strain, and was overheard to thank the mask for her information, and promise the subject his attention.

In consequence of the taste which his Majesty has of late years evinced for his species of amusement, the masked balls have greatly increased in number and resort. Previous to being incapacitated by bad health, the Empress also equally partook of them, and it is said greatly enjoyed being addressed with the same familiarity as any of her subjects. Her Majesty has even been the cause of severe terrors to many an unfortunate individual, who, new to the scene, or not recognising by filial instinct the maternal arm which pressed his, has either himself indulged in too much licence of speech, or given the imperial mask to understand that he found hers devoid of interest.

But let us quit these scenes—at best a masquerade is a bad place.—*A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic.*

SIR CHARLES BELL, K.H., F.R.S., L. & E.,  
PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

IN the death of Sir Charles Bell the medical profession has sustained a loss of the severest description. He was a man of genius, and distinguished by the acuteness of his observation and his patience in conducting physiological researches. His works on the nervous system are sufficient in themselves

to give to him a niche in the Temple of Fame among the most distinguished men who have contributed to the improvement of medical science.

Sir C. Bell was the youngest son of the Rev. Wm. Bell, a clergyman of the episcopal church of Scotland, and born at Edinburgh in 1778. He received his education at the High School, and turned his attention at an early period to anatomy, which was at that time taught with distinguished success by his brother, the late John Bell. The remarkable progress made by him in anatomical science soon enabled him to give assistance to his brother in his lectures and demonstrations, and before he was admitted a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, in 1799, he had published the first part of his "System of Dissections." He was soon afterwards made one of the surgeons of the Royal Infirmary, and acquired great celebrity by the skill and dexterity he evinced in the performance of surgical operations. Dissensions among the professional men of Edinburgh in relation to some regulations of the Royal Infirmary in the appointment of the surgeons, in which Mr. John Bell took a very active part, induced Mr. Charles Bell to quit Edinburgh for the metropolis in 1806. Here he commenced as a lecturer on anatomy and surgery. He associated himself with Mr. Wilson at the school founded by the celebrated Hunters in Great Windmill Street, and his lectures were well attended. His modes of demonstration, the facility with which he varied his descriptions, and the extent of information he had always at command in the elucidation of all points connected with physiological research, were highly estimated, and could not fail to make a lasting impression upon his auditors.

Anxious for improvement in every branch of his profession, Mr. Bell was induced, after the battle of Corunna, in 1809, to quit London to attend upon the numerous wounded of our army, and he published the results of his practice in an essay on gun-shot wounds, which formed an appendix to a system of operative surgery which he had published in 1807. He also went over to Brussels after the battle of Waterloo, where he was put in charge of an hospital, and for three successive days and nights he was engaged in dressing wounds and operating upon the wounded. He attended to no less than three hundred men, and made various drawings, which, perhaps, afford the finest specimens of water-colouring in the English anatomical school. Prior to 1812 he had not been admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, which was a necessary step to his obtaining the appointment of surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, for which, in this year, he was the successful candidate; and we learn from

Mr. Pettigrew's sketch of Sir Charles Bell and his works, inserted in his "Medical Portrait Gallery," that upon presenting himself to the examiners at the college he met with the most flattering reception. The well-known information he possessed rendered the examination a mere matter of form, and in compliance with the regulations of the college; and on this occasion one of the examiners, with suitable gravity, inquired of Mr. Bell his opinion as to the probable fate of Napoleon Buonaparte, and upon receiving his answer the board declared themselves quite satisfied with the candidate's proficiency. A few years afterwards, the college appointed him one of their professors of anatomy and surgery, and the benches of the theatre were crowded to listen to his discourses.

Sir Charles Bell published many works, but those on which his fame principally rests relate to the nervous system. His reputation in this respect is not confined to this country, but must be regarded as European; and upon the accession of William IV. to the throne, it was proposed by the Government, with the cordial sanction of the Sovereign, to confer the order of knighthood upon a limited number of men particularly distinguished in various branches of science. Mr. Bell received the Guelphic order along with Mr. König, Sir John Herschell, Sir David Brewster, Sir John Leslie, Sir J. Ivory, and a few others.

At the request of his friend Lord Brougham, Sir Charles Bell furnished to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge two papers on animal mechanics, and he assisted Lord Brougham in his edition of "Paley's Evidences of Natural Religion." He also published the third and fourth volumes of a "System of Anatomy," the former two volumes being the composition of his brother, John Bell. He also published a volume of "Engravings and Descriptions of the Arteries," in 1801, of which the third edition appeared in 1811; also "Engravings of the Brain," in 1802, and of the "Nerves," in 1803. In 1806, and again in 1824, "Essays on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting," a work of great importance to the artist. This, as well as all his other works, is illustrated from drawings made by himself, the fidelity and elegance of which have been universally admitted. In 1810 he published letters on the diseases of the urethra, and in 1811 he printed, for private distribution, a small essay entitled "Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain." In 1813 he published a folio volume of engravings from specimens of morbid parts, contained in his collection in Great Windmill Street; and in 1816, a volume of surgical observations, consisting of five quarterly reports of cases of surgery treated in the

Middlesex Hospital. In 1819 he printed an essay on the forces which circulate the blood, being an examination of the difference of the motions of fluids in living and dead vessels. In 1820, a "Treatise on the Diseases of the Urethra." In 1821, a volume of "Illustrations of the Great Operations in Surgery." In 1824, "Observations on Injuries of the Spine and of the Thigh Bone." In 1826 he published an edition of his brother's work—"Principles of Surgery." In 1832 he put forth one of the "Bridge-water Treatises on the Hand," its mechanism and vital endowments, as evincing design.

In 1836 Sir Charles Bell was invited to accept the chair of surgery in the University of Edinburgh, an appointment of too distinguished a character to be rejected, and he accordingly left London, receiving from many of his professional brethren a splendid testimonial of their regard for his worth and talents. It is scarcely necessary to add, that his exertions have sustained the high reputation the university has always held as a medical school, and his labours have been continued to the close of his career. The publication of his researches on the nervous system may be said to commence with his papers inserted in the "Philosophical Transactions for 1821," to the present time. They have been collected together by him, and illustrated by their application to pathology. Three editions have been published. Sir Charles has also published "Institutes of Surgery," in which he has arranged the subjects in the order of the lectures he delivered in the university. He has also contributed various papers to the transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society, and to the transactions of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, too numerous to be here specified. His life, in short, has been one of undeviating labour, and closed on Thursday, 28th April last, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, at Hatton Park, near Worcester, where he was upon a visit to a friend. He complained of pain of the stomach after dinner, to which he was subject, and which he treated lightly, but he was found dead in his bed on the following morning. In private life Sir Charles was exceedingly beloved. He was distinguished by the unpretending amenity and simplicity of his manners and deportment, and his loss will be equally deplored in his domestic circle as in that of all who are attached to science, literature, or whatever research can enlighten and improve mankind. There is an exceedingly good portrait of Sir Charles Bell, taken by B. Mantyne in 1839, and engraved by Thomson, in Mr. Pettigrew's third volume of the "Medical Portrait Gallery."—*Morning Herald*.



### TRAIT OF MODERN GREEK CHARACTER.

I HAD frequently heard it said by intelligent foreigners settled in Greece, that its inhabitants, in spite of their obstinate struggle for independence, and amid a good deal of native spirit and ferocity, had not yet been able to shake off some of those defects which Homer, as if in prophetic anticipation of the future fate of his own countrymen, assures us slavery never fails to entail on the character of its victims; that the same abject cringing to anything in the shape of a superior, which during the Turkish despotism had been a matter of necessity, still continued to display itself towards rank, or constituted authority, as a matter of habit; and that to this day, consequently, the proper mode for a traveller to secure justice or respect in his dealings with the natives, was the employment of the cane or the horsewhip. As my information came chiefly from Bavarians, who for the most part return with interest the hatred and contempt which the Greeks so cordially entertain for them, I had some doubts how far their reports were to be relied on; nor was I likely to bring the question to an issue from personal trial. But this latter part of our journey, it must be admitted, offered several incidents tending greatly to confirm the correctness of their statements, the most remarkable of which occurred on the present occasion. Allusion has already been made to the dictatorial deportment of our military attendants towards the peasantry, and indeed towards all classes of their fellow-citizens whose status in society gave them no especial claim to personal respect. Nor did this overbearing spirit appear to depend on the genius of the individual *stratiote*, but was common to them all, as part and parcel of their just and proper dignity of office. If a ford was sought, the nearest countryman was not requested, but peremptorily summoned to conduct us to it; if the way was intricate, he was ordered to act as guide, or forthwith to find a substitute; and the least hesitation or delay seldom failed to bring down a volley of the most approved military anathemas on the head of the offender. To return, however, to the case immediately in point: on reaching the khan, I found our escort, who had quitted the convent gate a few minutes earlier, busy in inflicting the most humiliating species of corporal punishment on the person of the khanjee—a handsome, athletic, and rather respectable-looking young man—belabouring his back and shoulders with the flat of his sword, and at intervals bestowing virulent kicks on that part of the hinder quarter where a blow is supposed to convey the severest wound to personal honour. On

occasion of any momentary respite from the fury of the attack, the sufferer attempted, with mild voice, and gentle but earnest expostulation, to convince his enemy of the unreasonableness of his conduct; and then, as the assault recommenced with redoubled fury, he again turned his back till the shower of blows was overpast, when he once more faced about, and with the same calmness renewed the thread of his argument. I immediately interfered, and inquiring the cause of the dispute, was informed that the monks had for some time past been in the nightly habit of leaving the convent, which, as already said, was on the outskirts of the commune, for fear of the robbers, and taking up their abode till morning in a more central part of the village; that the Chorophylax had proposed to go in quest of them, and summon them to return and reopen their establishment for my accommodation; that he had ordered the khanjee to act as his guide to the place, but that the man had declined compliance, urging the lateness of the hour, and the necessity of attending on his other guests, of whom several besides our party were already assembled within the hut. Nor indeed was it reasonable to expect that the poor fellow would be the willing instrument of depriving himself of a customer, from whom he doubtlessly expected to realize the ordinary receipts of several days. I settled the dispute by declaring my intention of remaining at his khan, rather than subject the reverend gentlemen to any inconvenience, or myself to the delay and trouble of preparing new quarters. The matter being thus concluded, mine host, far from bearing any apparent ill-will to his castigator, seemed neither mortified nor disconcerted by what had passed, and ten minutes afterwards, the two were conversing together by the fireside, upon general topics, with as much ease and good-humour as if nothing had happened.—*Journal of a Tour in Greece, by W. Mure.*

### THE INHABITANTS OF MODERN GREECE.

THE Greeks are a fine muscular race, well made, and full of vigour and activity both of mind and body, realizing the idea of perfection entertained by the ancient philosopher, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" They still retain a great deal of the antique form, which is alike perceptible in the structure of their bodies, the independence of their carriage, and the animated fire of their eyes, which gives deep expression to the countenance from childhood to old age. Each era of life has its peculiar beauty. The children appear, perhaps, rather too languishing, but this gives way to a vigorous



development of the body as they approach the age of manhood, though it is even then mixed with something rather too graceful and feminine, and more appropriate to the other sex. This beauty, which may be termed classical, is more particularly found in the mountains of continental Greece, and especially in the families of the Capitani and Primates. For the rest, the inhabitants of the different provinces vary greatly in appearance. This is more apparent in the Islands, where the natives, diverging from the general type of Hellenic origin, approach, in some instances, the Asiatic stamp, from the breadth of their countenances; whilst in others, the peculiar expression of the eye, the shape of the nose, and the narrowness of the face, combine to remind one forcibly of the Hebrew race.

Female beauty bears no proportion to that of the opposite sex, whether it be that women are more neglected in their youth, or that nature is more apt to lavish her favours on the men. The females of the Islands, and more especially those of Hydra, Spetza, Tenos, and Naxos, bear away the palm of Grecian beauty; and some of them might well serve as models to the sculptor, and with justice be considered as antitypes of the Helens and Aspasia of ancient times.

Nature is so extremely precocious in Greece, that females attain the age of puberty at ten or eleven years, and men at fifteen or sixteen. Young lads of sixteen and seventeen are frequently met with in the villages already married and with families. I am acquainted with a lady of one of the first Athenian families, who, though only twenty-five years of age, has already had sixteen children (eight of them twins), of whom seven are still alive. It may scarcely appear credible in England, but there is now at Athens a venerable grandmother in the person of a lady not yet twenty-four years old! She was married when eleven years of age, and had a daughter in the course of a year. That daughter married also when scarcely eleven, and has just become a mother!

But female beauty, from its being so precocious, fades quickly, and the freshness and bloom of youth vanish almost as rapidly as they are developed.—*Statistical Description of Greece, by F. Strong, Esq.*

#### AN IRISH ENCORE.

We certainly are a very original people, and contrive to do everything after a way of our own! Not content with cementing our friendships by fighting, and making the death of a relative the occasion of a merry evening, we even convert the habits we borrow from other lands into something essentially different from their original in-

tention, and infuse into them a spirit quite national.

The echo which, when asked "How'd ye do, Paddy Blake?" replied, "Mighty well, thank you," could only have been an Irish echo. Any other country would have sulkily responded, "Blake—ake—ake—ake," in diminuendo to the end of the chapter. But there is a courtesy, an attention, a native politeness, on our side of the channel it is in vain to seek elsewhere. A very strong instance in point occurs in a morning paper before me, and one so delightfully characteristic of our habits and customs, it would be unpardonable to pass it without commemoration. At an evening concert at the Rotundo, we are informed that Mr. Knight—I believe that is his name—enchanted his audience by the charming manner he sang "Molly Astore." Three distinct rounds of applause followed, and an encore that actually shook the building, and may—though we are not informed of the circumstance—have produced very remarkable effects in the adjacent Institution; upon which Mr. Knight, with his habitual courtesy, came forward, and sang—what think ye, good reader? Of course you will say, "Molly Astore," the song he was encored for. Alas! for your ignorance;—that might do very well in Liverpool, or Manchester, at Bath, Bristol, or Birmingham—the poor benighted Saxons there might like to get what they asked so eagerly for; but we are men of very different mould, and not accustomed to the jog-trot subserviency of such common-sense notions; and accordingly Mr. Knight sang "The Soldier Tired," a piece of politeness on his part that actually convulsed the house with acclamations; and so on to the end of the entertainment, "the gentleman when encored invariably sang a new song"—I quote the paper verbatim—"which testimony of his anxiety to meet the wishes of the audience afforded universal satisfaction."

Now, I ask—and I ask it in all the tranquillity of triumph—shew me the country on a map where such a studied piece of courteous civility could have been practised, or which, if attempted, could have been so thoroughly, so instantaneously appreciated. And what an insight does it give us into some of the most difficult features of our national character!

But to come back to ourselves. What bold and ample views of life do our free-and-easy habits disclose to us, not to speak of the very servant at table, who will often help you to soup when you ask for sherry, and give you preserves when you beg for pepper! What amiable cross-purposes are we always playing at—not bigotedly adhering to our own narrow notions, and following out our own petty views of life, but eagerly doing what we have no concern

in, and meritoriously performing for our friends what they'd be delighted we'd have left alone.

This amiable waywardness—this pleasing uncertainty of purpose—characterizes our very climate; and the day that breaks in sunshine becomes stormy at noon, calm towards evening, and blows a hurricane all night. So the Irishman that quits his home brimful of philanthropy is not unlikely to rob a church before his return. But so it is, there is nobody like us in any respect. We commemorate the advent of a sovereign by erecting a testimonial to the last spot he stood on at his departure; and we are enthusiastic in our gratitude when, having asked for one favour, we receive something as unlike it as possible.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

### The Gatherrrr.

*Wit* loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.—*Sheridan.*

*Pity and Scorn.*—He that hath pity on another man's sorrow shall be free from it himself; and he that delighteth in and scorneth the misery of another shall one time or another fall into it himself.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

*America.*—I am not acquainted with any country in which there is so little true independence of mind, and so little freedom of discussion, as in America. The authority of a king is purely physical; it controls the actions of the subject without subduing his private will; but a majority in America is invested with a power which is physical and moral at the same time; it acts upon the will as well as upon the actions of men, and represses not only all contest, but all controversy.—*De Tocqueville.*

*New York* is a magnificent city, containing about 300,000 inhabitants; the streets spacious, particularly the footpaths, which appear to be double the width of those even in the more modern parts of London; the Broadway three miles in length, and many of the other streets one and two miles. All is activity and bustle; and here, with the English language in his ears, and a general English appearance in his view, one may easily fancy himself in London. The streets are quite as much crowded as those in London with foot-passengers, and the shops are large and elegant; but there is not the same crowd of carriages, wagons, carts, and other vehicles, and there are but few gentlemen's carriages to be seen.—*Captain Barclay's Tour in the United States.*

A person below the middle stature observed that he could boast of two negative qualifications—viz., "that he never wore a great coat, nor ever lay long in bed."

*Letting the Cat out of the Bag.*—Convinced that patience moderates every grief, a gentleman conceived he could not speak better comfort to a young widow, who the day before had buried her husband, than by advising her to *take patience*. The widow having already within herself made choice of a second *caro sposa* whose name was *Patience*, vivaciously asked, "What! has he really mentioned it to you?"

*Brickmaking.*—An important discovery has been made by Mr. R. Prosser, of Birmingham, which bids fair to be attended with important results to the interests of architecture. The novelty of Mr. Prosser's process consists in the clay being dried, ground to powder, and submitted to pressure in metallic moulds, until the particles cohere together. As there is no water in combination with the clay, no drying process is necessary; consequently the articles made by this method are ready to be fired or burned as soon as they leave the machine. Owing to the great pressure required to cause the particles of clay to cohere together, the articles made by this press have greater density than those made in the ordinary way; they are also less porous, and not subject to decay in wet or frost. In addition to these advantages, any architectural device may be impressed upon the clay, which, when burnt, will retain all the sharpness of the original, however elaborately finished. By this process bricks may be made in all weathers, and with greater economy than by any other plan known at present. The brick-press is worked by hydraulic pumps, giving about 300 tons' pressure, thus producing the adhesion and cohesion. The machine delivers the bricks (four at a time in the present machine) ready at that instant for the kiln, requiring no exposure to the atmosphere to dry. The whole operation, from the time of putting the powdered clay into the machine to the delivery of the brick, occupies about half a minute. Machinery might readily be constructed to produce fifty bricks a minute.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Rhyming," "Income Tax," "Anacreon," "H. Y. M.," "E. W. R.," "S. P.," "T. S.," "W. R.,"—declined, with thanks.  
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